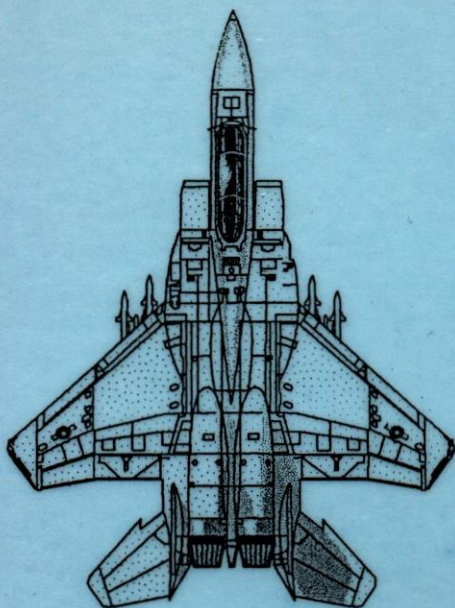


...AND NO ?#@\$%?!!! QUEEP

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

**VAMPIRE
FIGHTER PILOT
SONGBOOK**



**UNOFFICIAL
UNEXPURGATED
UNABRIDGED
UNBELIEVABLE
END OF THE MILLENNIUM
EDITION**

4 JULY 1999

HEN

1

DUCKS

2

SQUAWKING

3

LIMERICK

4

CORPULENT

5

PAIRS

6

THOUSAND

7

BRASS

8

APATHETIC

9

LYRICAL

10

FIGHTER PILOT SONGBOOK

VAMPIRE SERIES
F-15C



Desmodus Vinco Ubique

F1544-44-C-78-499

BASIC AND ALL CHANGES HAVE BEEN MERGED TO MAKE THIS A COMPLETE PUBLICATION

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Published under the authority of
Lt Col Vincent D. Vampire, USAF.

1 JANUARY 1941
CHANGE 44 - 4 JULY 1999

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ANNUAL LOEP CK - FY²F² !!

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***"If you don't know who the
world's greatest fighter pilot is...
It ain't you!!"***

A Change 44

INTRODUCTION

This songbook is dedicated by the men of the 44th Fighter Squadron to all who have flown with a Vampire patch firmly affixed to their flightsuit and made aggressors everywhere in the world shake to this day. As for the ballads contained herein, a word of **WARNING** to those readers whose tender sensibilities may be offended by the language. This is NOT, however, an apology for them. For these are the songs that are sung by flying men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of the lyrics were adapted to the Vietnam and Korean "situations" after having been popular in World War I and II, and at least one or two of them were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg. It follows, therefore, that they are not a product of a particular degenerate age. They are instead, as they have always been, an integral part of military life in the field; no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, or the sorting of a buddy's personal effects for shipment home. You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them. It is for these men we toast:

Here's to the breezes,
That blows through the treeses,
That lifts the skirts above the kneeses,
That shows the spot
That pleases, teases, spreads diseases,
Oh, what a snatch, down the hatch!

If you don't like that, how about this one:

Here's to _____, suckin' my dick!!
(fill in the blank with any appropriate name or his concubine)

And if you don't like that one:

Go home and put on your mother's bra, ya' wee girl bastard!!!

THE FIGHTER PILOT

Say what you will about him; arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun loving fool to boot. He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions, but fame is short lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940 and in the words of Sir Winston Churchill gave England its finest hour. Gone from the hard stands of Duxford are the '51s with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest fighter squadrons the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered-the 4th Fighter Group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments in the skies over Korea. How fresh in recall are the commandos who valiantly struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rain and blood-soaked valley called A Shau? And how long will be remembered the "Phantoms" and the "Thuds" over "Route Pack Six" and the flack filled skies over Hanoi? Barrel roll, steel tiger, and tally-ho. So here's a "Nickel on the Grass" to you, my friend, for your spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice, and courage -- but most of all to your friendship. Yours is a dying breed and when you are gone, the world will be a lesser place.

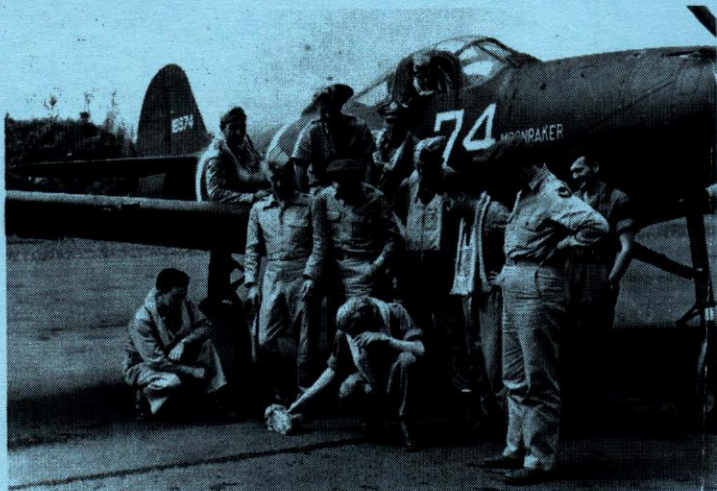
- FRIAR TUCK

DISCLAIMER

This songbook does not necessarily reflect the views of the 44 FS, the 18 WG, 5 AF, PACAF, the USAF, The Secretary of the Air Force, the Secretary of Defense, the Commander-in-Chief, or Socks the Cat. If you don't like the contents of this book, don't blame us - blame the generations of fighter pilots who wrote this stuff. Besides, the US Navy published it and has already erased the source file. So don't come looking for us!

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1 Bat History

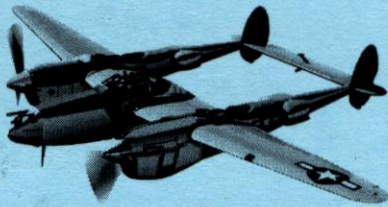
The 44th Pursuit Squadron was activated in Dec 40 at Wheeler Field, Hawaii. On 7 Dec 41, we were deployed to Bellows Field for gunnery practice. During the attack on Pearl Harbor, only 2 squadron aircraft got airborne and both were shot down. On 27 Dec, the 44th and our remaining **P-40 Warhawks** moved from Wheeler Field to Kaneohe Naval Air Station, Hawaii. On 22 May 42 we were officially redesignated the 44th Fighter Squadron. Throughout the summer, the Vampires flew training flights in preparation for expected combat operations which began early in 43 against Japanese fighter cover in the Solomons "Slot".



The squadron was active in the Guadalcanal air battle from January until June 43. On 15 Aug 43 the Bats covered the invasion of Vella La Island, and converted to the **P-39 Airacobra**. In November we converted to the **P-38 Lightning** and were then stationed at Luganville Field, New Hebrides. On 31 Dec 43, the 44th Fighter Squadron was rated the top squadron of the 13th Air Force with 135 Japanese aircraft destroyed.

In July 44 the Bats moved to Kukum Field, Guadalcanal, joining the 13-1 Fighter Squadron. Late in 44 we moved to Sansapor, the most advanced allied base in the South Pacific. The addition of "belly" tanks and use of a staging base at Morotal permitted us to escort B-24s to Borneo on missions of up to 1,900 miles.

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1



The squadron distinguished itself in combat missions over Celebes, Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, Dutch New Guinea, and Fromosa. Pioneer missions included one of the first napalm missions while supporting ground troops in Luzon, and the first penetration of the Asiatic mainland by land based fighters from the Pacific area. Total Vampire kills for WWII: 169.



After World War II the 44th was assigned to Clark Field, Phillipines. Deactivated in Apr 47 and reactivated in September that same year, the squadron now flew the **P-51 Mustang**, as well as the **P-47 Thunderbolt** for a short period. We flew our first jets (**P-80 Shooting Stars**) in December 1949. The squadron stood alert at Clark Field throughout the Korean War, becoming the 44th Fighter Bomber Squadron, flying the **F-86F**. In October, 1954, the squadron joined the 18th Fighter Bomber Wing at Kadena.



FROM: 44 TFSC

16 October 1970

SUBJECT: Final Chapter for 44th TFS in SEA Strike Role

TO: Future Vampires

The 44th Vampires ceased strike operations in Southeast Asia on 6 Oct 70. Whether or not the 44th TFS will be deactivated or transferred by name to assume the Wild Weasel role at Korat RTAFB, Thailand is unknown at this time.

In retrospect, the war over North Vietnam was probably the toughest for the Vampires. The highly maneuverable MiG 21's and MiG 17's worked the air defense of North Vietnam from outside the SAM belt in the Red River Valley to inside the tight rings of AAA around each major target. The integrated air defense system was, to say the least, impressive. And this war was a different kind of war. It was one of limited objectives and therefore one of highly restricted efforts, especially on the conduct of the air war. Targets varied from foot bridges to the Doumer Bridge, from a supply cache in a hooch to the steel mill at Thai Nguyen.

After the bombing halt of November 1968, the scene of the war switched to Laos and later into parts of Cambodia. The Vampires began fighting a war having an entirely different complexion than Rolling Thunder. Most of the missions were conducted under FAC control since many of the targets only appeared to be a FAC's smoke in a "Tree Park." But the numerous secondary explosions and confirmed KBA showed that intelligence and the "slow movers" played a very vital role in this kind of war. We will never know the true extent of our effectiveness against suspected truck parks/ storage areas or suspected troop concentrations when the FAC reported "NVR." The only thing we know for sure is that we hurt the North Vietnamese war effort through Laos, South Vietnam, and Cambodia by killing their troops in the quietness of the jungles (tooth pick factories), destroying trucks, and interdicting LOC'S. I will say, perhaps with tongue partly in cheek, that the Vampires never hit a target that was not worthwhile.

The very nature of this kind of war, the well publicized anti-war sentiments of some headline seeking lawmakers, and the anti-war demonstrations on the campuses and around the country caused a latent feeling of frustration that never affected the accomplishment of our mission. All of the pilots and EWOs were true professionals; they were the doers, and did their best to do their part in ending the war in Southeast Asia. All who have served with the 44th in Southeast Asia have served their country well in the cause of freedom, and many 44th Vampires paid the supreme sacrifice. All of the 44th Vampires who served can be proud of their efforts in knowing that they have upheld the high degree of honor and tradition established by their predecessors.

It is the hope of all the present 44th Vampires that those 44th Vampires of the future will uphold the proud tradition which has always been the epitome of Duty, Honor, Country. With that hope, we close this chapter of the 44th TFS.

*Roy S. Dickey, Lt Col, USAF
Commander*

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

In March 1958 the squadron converted to the **F-100 Hun**, and in May 1958 was redesignated the 44th Tactical Fighter Squadron.



In November 1962 the 44th transitioned to the **F-105 Thunderchief**, and entered WW 'Nam in December 1964, joining the 388th Tactical Fighter Wing at Korat, Thailand.



As early as January 1966, the Bats had logged more than 1,100 sorties in the "Thud" over SEA, dropping more than 3,000 tons of ordnance.

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

By 31 Dec 66 the 44th had become a "paper squadron", its aircraft and personal having been absorbed by the 13th TFS. On 25 Apr 67, the 44th was reactivated and absorbed into the 421st TFS. Until the 1 Nov 68 bombing halt, the 44th's mission was SAM and AAA suppression, plus "Ryan's Raiders" – night radar bombing using specially-equipped Thuds. When we moved to the 335th TFW at Takhli, Thailand, on 10 Oct 69, the mission changed to include FAC missions, "Wild Weasel" escort, combat skypot, and recon.



On 7 Oct 70, the 44th suspended air operations, and remained deactivated until 15 May 71 when we joined the 18th TFW at Kadena and began flying the **F-4C Phantom II**.

The 44th Tactical Fighter Squadron supported the 3rd TFW in Korea twice in 72 in TDY deployments and began a series of deployments to Taiwan in Nov 72. In late 75 the squadron upgraded to the **F-4D**. The Vampires were among the first units to respond to the Korean peninsula during the heightened tensions after the killing of two army officers along the DMZ in August 76. In what became known as "Operation Paul Bunyan", elements of the 44th deployed to Kunsan to reinforce other fighter units. We were in place from 24 Aug-6 Oct 76.

We started flying the **WGASF** in 1979. We deployed six jets to Misawa in response to the downing of Korean Airline 007 by a cowardly MiG. On 9 Oct 83, the 44th escorted the South Korean President and his aircraft following his attempted assassination in Burma. From Jul-Oct 85, the Vampires pulled alert in support of the Wing's Peacetime Aerial Reconnaissance Alert Force at Osan.

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

In Oct 91 the names changed again. We lost the word "Tactical" and were called the 44th Fighter Squadron. Ops merged with maintenance and the squadron grew from 50 to over 300 people. In 1995, the Vampires selected their first-ever unit motto: *Desmodus Vinco Ubique* (*Vampire Bats Prevail Always*). NVG operations started in mid-96.

In May 1998, the Bat's deployed to Prince Sultan Airbase, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and flew their first combat sorties since Vietnam. We provided protection for the U-2 as well as composite strike familiarization missions.



The mission of the 44th is not e-mail, memos, or reports...it is to fly, fight, and WIN...and don't you ever forget it!!!!!!!

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

VAMPIRE WW II SQUADRON ACES

Lt. Col. Robert B. Westbrook
(15 in 44th Squadron)

Capt. Cotesworth B. Head, Jr.

Capt. Joseph J. Lesicka

Capt. Frank L. Gaunt

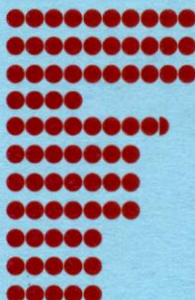
Capt. Elmer Wheadon

1Lt Lucian B. Shuler

1Lt Jack A. Bade

Capt Robert C. Bymes

1Lt Cyrus R. Gladen



AND MERE MORTALS!

1Lt M. W. Francis
1Lt H. E. Matson
Capt J. D. Voss
Capt B. B. Bowman
1Lt J. W. Reddington
1Lt C. T. Sackett,
1Lt D. F. Tarbet
Capt K. M. Taylor
(2 on Oahu Dec. 7, 1941)

1Lt M. V. Bunderson
Capt. R. J. Connolly
1Lt D. V. Currey
1Lt W. R. Jennings
1Lt C. W. Hay
Capt. A. L. Johnson
1Lt R. A. Morrissey
1Lt C. E. Newlander, Jr.
1Lt J. E. Parker
Capt. J. C. Pollock
1Lt R. J. Robb
Capt. J. F. Roehm
1Lt R. A. Wheeler
Capt. J. J. Corbett
1Lt H. G. Dreckman
1Lt W. L. Kester
1Lt B. H. Macklin
1Lt J. F. Adams
Flight Officer R. A. Byers



1Lt F. C. Crain
1Lt R. S. Corbett
1Lt J. P. Cox
1Lt R. M. Fouquet
1Lt R. E. Fox
1Lt G. F. Gibbs, Jr.
1Lt R. T. Holman
1Lt T. B. Jennings
1Lt L. B. Koval
Capt. J. E. Little
1Lt J. W. Long
1Lt W. C. McFarland
Flight Officer A. E. Murray
1Lt S. Santomassino
1Lt A. S. Sawers
1Lt G. B. Seeburg
1Lt G. R. Smith
Capt. W. H. Starke
1Lt J. P. Strate
1Lt J. A. Vahey
1Lt J. E. Wood
1Lt L. B. Anthony
1Lt R. G. Farkas
1Lt W. F. Green
1Lt R. L. Krohn
1Lt J. S. Laurie
1Lt F. J. Radzuikinas



Viet-fucking-Nam Vampire MiG Killers

Maj J. K. T. Blank
Maj R. S. Dicrey
1Lt K. W. Richter



Maj M. E. Seaver
Maj F. L. Tracy
1Lt D. B. Waldrop



"Bat One"

1 Jan 41 - 15 Jan 41
 15 Jan 41 - 27 Feb 41
 27 Feb 41 - 3 Oct 41
 3 Oct 41 - 7 Nov 41
 7 Nov 41 - 23 Aug 42
 9 Sep 42 - 24 May 43
 24 May 43 - 25 Sep 43
 25 Sep 43 - 20 Jan 44
 20 Jan 44 - 6 Feb 44
 6 Feb 44 - 5 Jun 44
 5 Jun 44 - 1 Jun 45
 1 Jun 45 - 4 Aug 45
 4 Aug 45 - 23 Mar 46
 23 Mar 46 - 3 Apr 46
 3 Apr 46 - 5 Dec 46
 5 Dec 46 - 25 Mar 47
 25 Mar 47 - 3 Oct 47
 3 Oct 47 - 9 Feb 48
 9 Feb 48 - 5 Feb 49
 5 Feb 49 - 10 Oct 49
 10 Oct 49 - 17 Oct 49
 17 Oct 49 - 24 Jul 50
 24 Jul 50 - 15 Aug 50
 15 Aug 50 - 25 Jun 51
 25 Jun 51 - 6 May 53
 6 May 53 - 25 Jul 54
 25 July 54 - 22 Jan 55
 22 Jan 55 - 22 Jul 55
 22 Jul 55 - 19 Nov 55
 19 Nov 55 - 24 Oct 56
 24 Oct 56 - 24 Mar 58
 24 Mar 58 - 20 Nov 58
 20 Nov 58 - 5 Feb 59
 5 Feb 59 - 30 Sep 59
 30 Sep 59 - 5 Jun 62
 5 Jun 62 - 15 Jun 63
 15 Jun 63 - 16 May 64
 16 May 64 - 30 Jun 65
 30 Jun 65 - 1 May 66
 1 May 66 - 1 Oct 66
 1 Oct 66 - 31 Dec 66
 31 Dec 66 - 25 Apr 67
 25 Apr 67 - 18 May 67
 18 May 67 - 1 Oct 67
 1 Oct 67 - 2 Nov 67
 2 Nov 67 - 5 May 68
 5 May 68 - 16 Mar 69
 16 Mar 69 - 10 Oct 69
 10 Oct 69 - 13 Feb 70
 13 Feb 70 - 26 May 70
 26 May 70 - 18 Jul 70
 18 Jul 70 - 2 Nov 70
 2 Nov 70 - 10 Dec 70

2Lt A. C. Newton
 Capt J. L. Holtner
 Capt K. P. Berquist
 Capt A. R. Kingham
 Capt E. W. Stewart
 Maj K. Tyler
 Maj J. E. Little
 Maj R. B. Westbrook
 Capt J. Lesicka
 Maj P. S. Mathis, Jr.
 LtC C. M. Walton, Jr.
 Capt J. Lesicka
 Capt R. Dow
 Capt L.D. Winegar
 Maj R.E. Dawson
 Maj F.H. Scott
None
 Maj F.H. Scott
 Maj J.W. Singleton
 LtC A.B. Schindler
 LtC J.D.C. Robinson
 Maj R. Dow
 LtC R.J. Leimbacher
 Maj C.H. Glipson
 Maj C.E. McGee
 Maj J.S. Wilson
 Maj D.L. Robinson
 LtC J.E. Andrews
 Maj B.S. Shlrer, Jr.
 LtC C.W. Rogers
 Lt Col L.K. Cox
 Maj J.B. Richards, Jr.
 LtC J.T. Wilkerson
 LtC R.L. Bowlin, Jr.
 Maj W.M. Sullivan
 LtC T.L. Akkola
 LtC G.R. Smith
 LtC W.B. Craig
 Maj R.M. Baughn
 LtC G.R. Fitzgerald
 Maj R.E. Johnson
 Capt R.P. Scheer
 LtC K.F. Hite
 LtC F.A. Treyz
 LtC J.E. McInerney, Jr.
 LtC R.A. Evans
 LtC G. Sherril
 LtC H.L. Sherrill
 LtC H.N. Willis
 LtC E.D. Maralrty
 LtC W.D. Lockwood
 LtC R.S. Dicky
 LtC W.H. Lewis

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

10 Dec 70 - 15 May 71
15 May 71 - 7 Sep 71
7 Sep 71 - 19 Aug 73
19 Aug 73 - 22 May 75
22 May 75 - 21 Nov 75
21 Nov 75 - 4 Feb 78
4 Feb 78 - 1 Jun 79
1 Jun 79 - 15 Jun 81
15 Jun 81 - 26 Nov 82
26 Nov 82 - 30 May 84
30 May 84 - 7 Nov 85
7 Nov 85 - 22 May 87
22 May 87 - 17 Jun 88
17 Jun 88 - 30 Nov 89
30 Nov 89 - 3 Jul 91
3 Jul 91 - 9 Apr 93
9 Apr 93 - 10 Nov 94
10 Nov 94 - 16 Feb 96
16 Feb 96 - 17 Jan 97
17 Jan 97 - 28 Apr 98
28 Apr 98 -

None
LtC C.J. O'Connell
LtC W.F. Weiger
LtC J.W. Varnum
LtC H.L. Allen
LtC B.R. Voack
LtC A.P. Wenstrand
LtC R.D. Clark
LtC W.R. Ricks
LtC J.L. Burns
LtC J.L. Hanchey
LtC G.W. Hawks, Jr.
LtC W.E. Current
LtC C.H. Chandler
LtC J.P. Pope
LtC R.P. Manke
LtC C.R. Dedrick
LtC J. J. Jackson, Jr.
LtC J. M. Dailey
LtC R. M. Kessel
LtC D. S. Hess



T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

"ZZ" on the tail: WTF0?

In 1968, the PACAF CC randomly assigned a single letter to identify the 24 wings in the theater. The 18th Tactical Fighter Wing was assigned a "Z." A second letter identified squadrons: the Unclean was "ZA," the Chickens used "ZG," the Bats had "ZL," and the 15th TRS, then a part of the wing, displayed "ZZ."

In 1972, HQ USAF began reducing the number of tail codes by assigning a two-letter code to each wing for use by all aircraft belonging to that wing, regardless of squadron. The code usually was close to the base location name; however, "KA" was already in use in Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam. In 1975 the 18th requested and received approval to use the "ZZ" which the leadership selected because they considered it a unique mark of distinction...and pretty cool. True fucking story. No shit.

The Cannon

Proudly displayed at the front of the squadron is a blue cannon. This was given to the Bats by a USMC Unit (STS) in the late 50s as a tribute to the ass-kicking the Bats accomplished during a joint exercise. The cannon went on every squadron deployment, ending up in 1966 in Korat, Thailand. It was filled with water balloons and fired after a pilot's 100th Mission in SEA. When the squadron was temporarily deactivated, the cannon remained. In 1972, the 18 TFW/CC discovered the piece and returned it to Kadena, where it sat (not unappreciated) in the Kadena Airpark. The Bats successfully argued that it was a unique part of squadron history, and had it returned to the front of the squadron, where it remains today.

The Artifact

The .44 Magnum shell is issued to every newly Mission Ready Vampire Fighter Pilot. It symbolizes the deadly nature of our business, and our effectiveness at it...and is way cooler than some silly coin. It must be carried at all times. If challenged, a Bat has 44 seconds to produce said artifact - if not, he buys a round of cheer. If all the Bats present produce their artifact, he who challenged buys. "At all times" means just that. On the boom, at work, downtown, always be prepared. There are two exceptions to the above: first, commercial airports (it has been proven numerous times that airport security takes a dim view of the artifact); second, never, under any circumstances, bring your artifact downtown in Singapore (particularly to the Long Bar).

"Shit hot, Fuckin' A, Bob Hope, Hooters!"
- Bellmouth & the Intakes, 1983

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

Standing ROE

1. NO POINTING
2. NO FARKELING
3. NO BRICK ON THE BAR
4. NO WHIMPERING
5. NO HATS ON THE BAR
6. DECISIONS OF THE JUDGE (TBD) ARE ARBITRARY AND BINDING

SPINS

All are responsible for knowing the rules.

Rules apply to all, and only when present in the confines of the Vault or Bat Cave, (BRIEFS AND DEBRIEFS EXCLUDED). Regardless of the formal implementation of these rules, it is considered in good taste for any self-respecting fighter pilot to apply them at all times.

Any person described above can assess violations of the rules, and violators will be annotated on the "shack log" in the Vault or Bat Cave.

Rule violations will result in the assessment of a \$1 penalty. Payment of fines will take place at Bat Call where the offender will be publicly ridiculed. If the violator is present and does not pay the fines due on the spot, the fine will be doubled and due at the next Bat Call. Fines incurred in the Vault will go to the Weapons Fund while fines incurred in the Bat Cave will go to the Snacko Fund.

Failure to show at a 44FS function in the Vault (i.e. Academics, or in the Bat Cave (i.e. Bat Call) without a legitimate excuse (i.e. Dead), will result in a fine for said individual.

The following is "THE" list of words conducive to a fine, as well as some suitable alternates:

"Dozen"	-----	"Unclean"
"12"	-----	"13-1"
"Cocks"	-----	"Peckers"
"67"	-----	"69-2"
"Viper"	-----	"Fighting Falcon"
"Airline"	-----	"A-Word"
"Staff"	-----	"5-letter S-Word"
"School"	-----	"6-letter S-Word"
"SOS"	-----	"Shoe Flag"
"Masters"	-----	"M-Word"
"Pentagon"	-----	"P-Word"
"Guard"	-----	"G-Word"
"Bomb"	-----	"B-Word"
"Thunderbird"	-----	"Thunder Chicken"
"Head"	-----	"Cranium"
"Box"	-----	"Container"

The suitable alternate list is just a guideline. Free-thinking of clever substitutions is highly encouraged. The intent of these rules is to minimize talk of non-tactical subject matter in the hallowed halls of fighter learning.

If you don't like the rules - **SUCK IT UP FATTY!!**

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE 44th FIGHTER SQUADRON (PACAF) KADENA AIR BASE, JAPAN

Date: _____

MEMORANDUM FOR WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

FROM: 44 FS/Squadron Apology Officer

SUBJECT: We're Sorry!

1. The Fighter Pilots of the Vampire Bats apologize for the following reason:

- () Golfing while intoxicated (GWI)
- () Walking while intoxicated (WWI)
- () Singing while intoxicated (SWI)
- () Singing the S&M Man / I Love My Wife / _____ in the bar
- () Stealing shit from your squadron
- () Playing Rodeo w/ the Wing CC's wife at the Irish Bar
- () Getting noise complaints from the dining room on Friday night
- () Missed dental appointment
- () Overdue anthrax/typhoid/ _____ shot
- () Not wearing a hat from our car to the club
- () Taking over your bar for an impromptu Bat Call
- () Pissing off LGX/the SPs/ the locals for _____ again
- () Giving shit to non-singing shoe clerks at the club
- () Throwing bottles in someone else's bar
- () Giving the O'Club manager a swirly for giving shit to fighter pilots
- () To our "Bat Babes" for every Friday night
- () To the hotel management for TDY buffoonery
- () Vandalizing taxicabs
- () Telling your b-word-dropping flight lead to shut the fuck up in the air-to-air debrief
- () Tackling store window mannequins
- () For plagiarism in order to write fighter pilot songs
- () Late OPR/EPR/Award/Decoration
- () Not giving a shit about Q-Word, S-Word, or the M-word
- () Depleting the inventory of lightsticks for Bat Call
- () Whatever it is we don't remember
- () Hurling in _____'s office
- () Beating the shit out of you for not doing your fucking job
- () Blanket apology (to be marked only when apologizing for Bat actions in advance for the next six month period)

JOE SHIT, the Rag Man
Apology Officer, 44th Fighter Squadron

GAMES

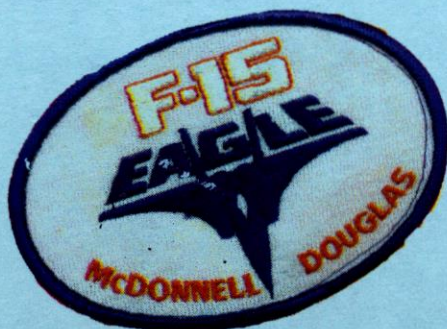
21 Aces

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup

- The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round
- To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all five dice again until he does not roll any aces. He then passes the cup to the next player
- Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled.
- One more dice is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have only one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

Majorca 21 Aces

The game is played the same as 21 aces except the player who rolls the 17th ace orders a drink with four liquors in it. The player who rolled the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st ace drinks the drink.



"The US relies on the USAF and the AF has never been the decisive factor in the history of wars"
Saddam Hussein, 1990

4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot (money). Each player in turn can bet (cover) part or all of the pot. After the entire pot is covered or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually against each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled.

The following rules apply:

- 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner
- 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser
- 6 point is an automatic winner
- 1 point is an automatic loser
- Trips are an automatic winner
- A tie is a push with no money exchanged

The following rules apply to the pot:

- Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6
- The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left

The following rules apply to passing the hammer:

- When the entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor
- If someone rolls a 4,5,6 he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round
- If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer



"99% of S.A. is knowing what's going on"
Dwight Murdock

CRUD

STANDARD, NUMB-NUTS!!!!

Deceased Insect

If you don't know how to play Deceased Insect, ask any FIGHTER PILOT! (Preferably in a crowded bar!!!!!!!!!!)

Dollar Bill Game

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (Hoonyackers are legal), to promote the consumption of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammer draws a dollar bill from his wallet. He then asks the person on his right or left to choose the first two or last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to guess between 0-99. He will state whether the guess is high or low. This continues around until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a round. If play continues around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

Combat Rules

- First two or last two is determined prior to drawing the dollar bill
- The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table
- The hammer responds only once (high or low) for each guess. If he forgets, he buys.
- If anyone has to ask, what's high or low, he buys but play continues for another round of drinks
- The hammer may claim any number is the point (LIE!)
- If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (Caught Lying), the hammer buys. But if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
- Anyone who guesses outside the high or low bracket buys, and the game continues

"A fighter pilot is not drunk if he can hold onto a single blade of grass with his lips and not fall off the face of the earth!"

Ouijongbu

A game of chance played with five dice...the object being to win.

Basic Rules

- Highest total score at the end of the game buys.
- Threes count as zero (threes are free) and should be pulled.
- Roll all five dice on first roll.
- On each roll, one die is turned over and that point now showing is the point for that roll
- The remaining die are collected and rolled again
- Again, a die is turned over and that point is added to the growing total
- Repeat until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
- Remember, because "threes are free" they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three, it must be turned to a four point because one die must be turned over on each roll.

Combat Rules

- Each player must preflight his ordnance. Roll less than five die, you buy!
- Insulting the dice: if the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another die and you turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.
- Stacking the die, you buy
- Rolling the die off the bar or table, you buy
- Asking what the point is.....heinous!!!! You buy!

Reflex

Object of the game is not to be the last one to slap the bar. All hands are placed 6 inches above the bar. On the count of three, everyone slaps the bar and the last one buys a round.

"Fuck, fight, or go for your guns!"
Joe Shit, the Rag Man

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BAT SONG



ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
and up went the window and out went her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit all around,
 It was brown, brown, shit all around,
 It was brown, brown, shit all around,
 The whole world was covered with
 shit, shit, shit, shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
When a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye.

CHORUS

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
Beneath London bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "blinded by shit."

CHORUS



"The fighter pilots have to rove the area allotted to them in any way they like, and when they spot an enemy, they attack and shoot him down....ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH!"
Baron Manfred von Richtofen

AIR CORPS LAMENT

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky.
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The force is shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

Glory--flying regulations...have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them, the Force is Shot to Hell

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame,
But know that's all VERBOTTEN and we're all too gosh-darn tame,
The force is shot to Hell.

One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no-more of that
The force is shot to Hell.

Have you ever climbed a Thunderchief up to where the air is thin ?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din ?
Have you tried to do it lately ? Better not--you'll auger in,
The force is shot to Hell.

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,
The force is shot to Hell.

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let
The force is shot to Hell.

My bones have felt their pounding thump and hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force is Shot to Hell

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that blasted Hanoi's name,
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their heads in shame,
The force is shot to Hell.

They flew their rugged Thunderchiefs through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations Shack
The force is shot to Hell.

CONTINUED

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
The force is shot to Hell.

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin', groanin', squeal,
The Force is Shot to Hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The force is shot to Hell.

Glory, flying regulations, have them burned at every station,
Crucify the man who tries to make one
And let us fly like hell!

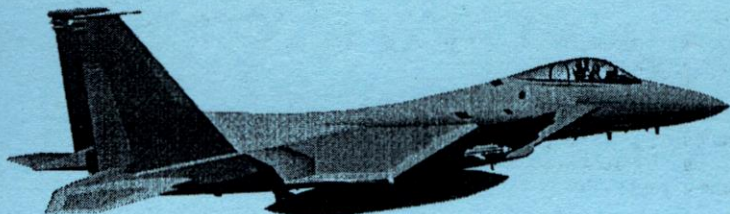
AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder, at 'em boys, give her the gun
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under, off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder, sent it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder, how they lived, God only knew.
Souls of men, dreaming of skies to conquer, gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend, we'll send a message of his brother men who fly.
We'll drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast - the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go, into the blue sky yonder, keep your wings level and true.
If you live to be a gray haired wonder, keep your nose out of the blue.
Flying men guarding our nation's borders, we'll be their followed by more.
In echelon, we carry on, for nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!



AYE, SING US ANOTHER ONE, DO

CHORUS:

Aye, aye, aye, aye
 *In China they never eat Chile
 So sing us another verse
 That's worse than the other verse
 And waltz me around by my willie

* "In China they never eat Chile" is the original lyric traced back to the 18th century via international songbook archives. However, it doesn't make any sense and its pretty fucking stupid. Therefore, fighter pilots will substitute it with the following:

Fighter pilots eat pussy
 Your sister does squat thrusts on fire hydrants
 Your brother beats off in confession
 Your mother douches with Drano
 Your mother sucks moose juice off pine cones
 Your father refills cream donuts
 Diaper pilots eat cream donuts
 Your uncle eats lunch at the spermbank
 You can't say fuck in the O'Club
 Your father fingers anchovies
 Your sister's in love with a carrot
 Your mother licks whaleshit off sea shells
 Your mother sucks farts from dead seagulls
 Your sister licks cum stains off bed sheets
 Your aunt blows goats for a quarter...and makes \$10 a day
 Your cousin just butt-fucked my collie
 Your grandpa sucks old swollen tampons
 Your mother swims after troop ships
 Your father eats bat shit off cavewalls
 Your brother jacks off in confession
 Your father was a Frenchman

There was a young man from Boston...Who traded his car for an Austin
 There was room for his ass, & a gallon of gas...But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Dundee...Who buggered an ape in a tree
 The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead...Three balls and a purple goatee.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam...With is hand on the butt of his madam
 He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this Earth...There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave...Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
 She smelled quite a bit, and was missing one tit...But think of the money he saved.

There was a young man from New Brighton...Who said "My dear you've a tight one."
 She said "Oh my soul, you have the wrong hole...Its the one up in front that's the right one."

There once was a man named McGruder...Who wooed a young nude in Bermuda.
 The nude thought it crude to be wooed in the nude...But McGruder was cruder he screwed her.

CONTINUED

There once was a Captain named Tuck...Who went into the ville for a fuck.
He spread open her legs, found ten cockroach eggs...Three boogers, some scabs & green muck.

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin...He smiled and said with a grin,
"Didn't take her to heart, till she sprayed out a fart...That tasted like bird shit and gin."

There once was a man from Kildair...Who was humping his girl on the stair
When the banister broke, he doubled his stroke...And finished her off in mid air.

There once was a queer from Khartuom...Who took a young dyke to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right...To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from Nepal...Had a hexihydronical ball
The cube of its weight, plus his penis, plus eight...Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There once was a lass from Decatur...Who was laid by a big alligator
Now, nobody knew the result of that screw...Cause after he laid her he ate her

There once was a man from Wheeling...Who pounded his pud with great feeling
Then like a trout, he opened his mouth...And sucked down the drops from the ceiling

There once was a young lady from Wheeling...Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back and tickled her crack...And squirted all over the ceiling

There once was a man from Nantucket...Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin...If my ear were a cunt, I would fuck it.

There once was a man from Kent...Whose dick was so long it was bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double...Instead of coming he went

There once was a man of class...Whose balls were made of brass
When he clanged them together, they played stormy weather...And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a girl from France...Who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her, as did the conductor...And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay...Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick...And rubbed all of his foreskin away.

There once was a young man from Sparta...Who was the world's champion farter.
On the strength of one bean, he played "God Save the Queen"
And Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata!"

There once was a boy from Barclarige...Who was his parents disparage.
He sucked off his brother, went down on his mother...And ate up his sister's miscarriage.

There once was a man from the West...Who loved his wife with zest.
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels...And spit out the mess on her breast.

There once was a girl named Alice...Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina in South Carolina...And her tits just this side of Dallas.

There once was a man named Bruno...Said, "fucking is something I do know,
All women are fine and sheep are divine...But lamas are numero uno."

There once was a man from Cballot...Who dined on vomit and snot.
He said "it's a breeze!" as he ate the green cheese...That hung from his Grandmother's twat.

There was a young man from St. James...Who played most unusual games.
He lit up a match, to his grandmother's snatch...And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There once was a girl from the Azores...Whose cunt was all covered with red sores.
The dogs in the street would not eat the meat...That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a young girl named Myrtle...Who was raped on the beach by a turtle.
The results of the fuck were two eggs and a duck...which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There once was a man from Peru...Who fell asleep in his canoe.
He dreamed about Venus and played with his penis...And awoke with a handful of goo.

There once was a man from Moline...Who invented a jack-off machine.
On the twelfth stroke, the fucking thing broke...And ripped off his balls now he's clean.

There once was a farmer named Fritz...Who planted an acre of tits.
They came up in fall, pink nipples and all...So he picked them and planted some clits.

There was a young man from Isis...Who had balls of two different sizes.
One was so small, it was nothing at all...The other was huge and won prizes.

There was a young girl from Peru...Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The vicar is quicker, he's also a lick...And considerably thicker than you."

There once was a girl from Hoboken...Who claimed that her cherry was broken.
From riding a bike on a cobblestone pike...But it really was broken from pokin'

There once was a young man named McSweeney...Who spilled some gin on his weenie.
Just to be couth, he added vermouth...And slipped his girlfriend a martini.

There once was a man from Algiers...Who screwed his wife under the piers.
A fish came along, and bit off his schlong...So he ordered a new one from Sears.

There once was a girl from St. Paul...Who went to a masquerade ball.
She had the affront, to go as a cunt...And got screwed by a dog in the hall

There was a young lady named Ester...Who said to the man who undressed her.
"If you don't mind, use the hole in behind...The front one's beginning to fester."

There was a young man from Dakota...Who wouldn't pay the whore what he owed her.
So with great savior faire, she climbed on a chair...And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker...Was poked in her bed by the baker.
The baker cried, "What call this a twat?...Why, the entrance is more than an acre."

Cried an overhung fellow named Bowen..."My pecker keeps growin' and growin'.
It's got so tremendous, so long and stupendous...It's no good for fucking just showin'."

There once was a girl named Gail...Tween her tits was the price of her tail,
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind...Was the same information in Braille.

There was a French General named Renee...Who stood guard at the German border one day
The German Army came there, put his hands in the air, and said,
"Table for three million? Right zeas way!"

There once was a man from Racine...Who invented a whacking machine
On the 44th stroke, the fucking thing broke...And powered his balls into cream

CONTINUED

There once was a girl from Norway...Who hung by her heels in the doorway
She said to her man, "Get off the divan...I think I've discovered one more way"

There was an old maid from Whooster...Who dreamt that a man had seduced her
But when she awoke, 'twas only a joke...A spring in the bed had goosed her.

There was a young couple named Kelly...Who used Vaseline petroleum jelly
But once in their haste, they used library paste...And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There once was a pirate named Bates...Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless...And practically useless on dates

There was a young lass from Gibraltar...who fell by chance in the water
By her howls and her squeals, you could tell that the eels...Had found her sexual quarter

There once was a monk from Mongolia...Whose life was lonelier and lonelier
One night just for fun, he took out a nun...And now she's a Mother Superior

There was a young man named Clyde...Who fell in an outhouse and died.
Likewise his brother, who fell in another...And now they're "in turd" side by side

I once asked a lady named Pott..."Why does sucking your tits make you hot?"
"Well if you must be blunt, they signal my cunt...That its going to get what you've got

A young preacher was new to some...At persuasion was surely no bum
He preached fornication to the whole congregation...And was washed down the aisle in cum

There was a young man from Nottingham...Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts of the punks and the cunts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em

There once were three Marines...Who were dating a girl in her teens
They thought she was pure, now they look for a cure..."Cause their dicks are all purple and green

There once were three girls from Birmingham and this is the story concerning 'em
They lifted the frock, and diddled the cock...Of the Bishop while he was confirming 'em

Now the Bishop was nobody's fool...He had gone to a large public school
He pulled down his britches, and buggered those bitches...With his 10-inch Episcopal tool

There was a young man from Rangoon...Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck to be born by a fuck...But a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a girl named Flo Vardin...Who went down on a man in the garden
He said "Listen, Flo, where does all that stuff go?"...And she said "Gulp, beg pardon?"

There was a pilot named Spock...Tied a violin string to his cock.
With one large erection, he could play a selection from Johan Sebastian Bach

There was a pilot named Lew...Who buggered a girl from Taegu
He said to the doc, as he handed him his cock..."Will I lose both my testicles, too?"

There was a young girl from St Paul...Wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress, it caught fire, and burned her entire front page, sports section and all

There was a young priest from Dundee...Who went into the garden to pee
He said "Pox Vobiscum, why won't the piss come?...I guess I've got C-L-A-P"

There was a young lass from Twilling...Who went to the dentist for a filling
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity...and now she's nursing her filling

There was a young girl named Alice...Who peed in the Archbishop's chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief...But purely from Protestant malice

There once was a girl from Cape Cod...Who thought all babies came from God
But it wasn't the almighty who lifted her nighty...It was Roger the Logger, the sod.

Oh the Romans had great spacious halls...In which they held sexual brawls
Which would last so they say for a week and a day...There's no doubt those bastards had balls

A fighter pilot named Tucker...While instructing a novice cocksucker,
Said, "Don't puff 'em out, like your blowing your snout...Be gentle and work with a pucker."

BABY SEAL SONG

Way up north where it is cold, they ain't got much gold
so they make their livin' off the seal skins they've sold.
But me I like the killin', because it's so fulfillin'
And I hate to see a baby seal grow old!2...3...4

CHORUS:

Don't bludgeon a seal, cause you want a meal
You do it cause you wanna make that little sucker squeal
You bash him on the cranium and you do it just for kicks,
Then you poke out his eyes with your eye pokin' sticks...2...3...4

My mama was a little mean my daddy was a bit obscene
maybe that's the reason that I feel the way I do
You may not believe me but my woman wants to leave me (BITCH!!!)
So I guess I'll take it out on a baby seal...2...3...4

CHORUS

HOW YA GONNA KILL EM!

Slice em, dice em, Roto till em, chop 'em up or just plain kill 'em.
Skin comes off with just a little rip...rip...rip...rip
The liberals wanna lock me up 'cause I killed a seal pup
I take their skin and tie it in little balesss..zah
But I know it won't be long before all the seals are gone
So I guess we'll have to start wiping out the whales...2...3...4

CHOURS

Now, people people don't you cry
'cause I know that when I die
I'll be coming back as a baby seal !...2...3...4

THE LPA
IS STRONG

BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy;
They're shapely and stately like the dome of St. Paul.

The women all muster to view the great cluster.
They stand and they stare at the bloody great pair of O'Leary's balls.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85mm GUNNER

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS: Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
 Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
 Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
 I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky in full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it one damn bit
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit
The Thuds are coming in.

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so well
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard yell
The Thuds are coming in.

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10, 000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

CHORUS: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
 Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
 (Use last line of previous verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1, 000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10, 000 fucking feet
 We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying up
 We're flying fucking down
 And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

BESTIALITY'S GREAT

CHORUS: Bestiality's great, mate.
 Bestiality's great. (fuck a wallaby!)
 Bestiality's great, mate.
 Bestiality's great.

Oh, shove your log in a dog, mate.
 Shove your log in a dog. (fuck a wallaby!)
 Shove your log in a dog, mate.
 Shove your log in a dog.

CHORUS

(Alternate Verses)

Sixty-nine with a porcupine...
 Shove your tool in a mule, mate...
 Butt fuck a duck, mate...
 Shoot your load in a toad, mate...
 A piece of tail from a baby whale...
 Stick your goo in a 'roo, mate...
 Split the thighs of a fly, mate...
 Dip your sack in a yak, mate...
 Up the ass off a bass, mate...
 In the ear of a deer, mate...
 Put your dish in a crawfish...
 Squirt your juice in a mongoose...
 Blow your wad in an arthropod...
 Stick your sperm in a worm, mate...
 Put your cock in a croc, mate...
 In the tail of a snail, mate...
 Fellatio with a rhino...
 Push the turd of a bird, mate...
 Shove your tater in a gator...
 Put your pete in a parakeet...
 Stick your noodle in a poodle, mate...
 Put the slam on a clam, mate...
 Put your spoon in a loon, mate...
 Impale a whale with your nail, mate...
 Down the throat of a goat, mate...
 Do a mutt in the butt, mate...
 Slam your ham in a lamb, mate...
 Sink it deep in a sheep, mate...
 Stick your dick in a chick, mate...
 Put your balls in a monkey's ass!... (Always the Last Verse)

BUNKER LOVIN'

Bunker lovin, havin a blast,
Bunker lovin, happened so fast,
Here at PSAB, we live in tents,
Chicks look good, it don't make no sense.
PSAB days driftin away but OH those PSAB nights,
Wellu wellu wellu ho-ah

Tell me more tell me more Is the food really bland?
Tell me more tell me more Does she lay in the sand?
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

PSAB lovin, lovin in masks
PSAB lovin, what a hot task,
Here in Saudi, she's a real babe
Back in the states, she'd be real lame.
PSAB days driftin away
but OH those PSAB nights...



CHONGER'S FATE

Kim Il song...YOU DEAD FUCK
Kim Chong Il...YOU'RE NEXT!

COPE NORTH RODEO SONG

Oh, its 40 below, and it don't mean a thing
I got heaters on my wing, and I'm off to the RODEO!

CHORUS: Lead break left, two's lost sight
 C'mon, ya fucking dummy, get your right nine right
 Stay on my wing, you God dam dude, ya know...
 You piss me off, you fucking jerk, you get on my nerves!

Oh, I'm ten from the merge, and my radar's a mort
I don't have a sort, and I'm off to the RODEO!

Well, the hell with my heater, gonna have some fun
I'm closing for guns, and I'm off to the RODEO!

Well, here comes a porker pilot with his pecker in his hand
He's a one balled man, and he's off to the RODEO!

Well it's tally three, save a wiper for me
Cm' on, ya fucker, let me see 9 G's
I call a kill, you don't remove ya know...
You piss me off, you fucking jerk, you get on my nerves!

COUNTING TO 10

1 Hen
2 Ducks...

This should be passed down verbally....if you want to know the words, ask any member of the LPA....unless the LPA is weak

There is also a cheater to jog your memory on the front cover of the songbook.

DA NANG LULLABYE

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air,
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that its really fair.

Each day I go off to fly combat
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

Each morning we go off to combat,
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner.,
To recapture the ramp at DaNang.

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around our bed.



"My position on the POW issue has been widely misquoted and taken out of context. What I originally said and have continued to say is that the POW's are lying if they assert it was North Vietnamese policy to torture American prisoners."

- Hanoi Jane

DEAR MOM

M: Knock-knock.

W: Who's there?

M: It's Western Union ma'am.

*W: Oh, really. Do you have a telegram for me? Would you sing it for me?
I've never had a singing telegram before. Oh, please!*

M: Ma'am, I'm not sure this is the kind of telegram you should sing.

W: Please, oh please sing it!

M: Well, O.K. Here it goes.

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
Hmm, Hmm, Hmm

He flew across the fence, to see what he could see
And there it was as plain as it could be
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
Hmm, Hmm, Hmm

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled"
The DASC said, "That's all right I'll send you Vampire flight,
for I am the power!"

The fighters checked right in, gunfighters two by two
Low on gas and tanker overdue
They asked the FAC to mark just where that truck was parked. Hmm, Hmm,
Hmm

The FAC he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark
Exactly where that fucking truck was parked
And the rest is in doubt 'cause he never pulled out.
Hmm, Hmm, Hmm

"WITH REVERENCE!"

Dear mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.

(without reverence)

Him, him, fuck him! How did he go? Straight in!
What was he doing? 351 Hell of a deal! Whooooooooo!



DEATH OF 69,000

GROUP: 'Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was throwing a ball...his left one. Counts, discounts, and no counts were seated at the table, shooting camelshit, for bullshit was yet unknown.

QUEEN: Balls!

GROUP: Cried the Queen.

QUEEN: If I had two, I'd be the King.

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two. Up rode David on his dashing white steed. Up rode the King on his diamond studded jockstrap.

DAVID: Where's the princess?

GROUP: Cried David

KING: She's in bed with diphtheria.

GROUP: Said the King

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David.

DAVID: Is that Greek bastard back in town?

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence. The lions rose. David grabbed a lion by the left nut.

LION: That tickles!

GROUP: Said the lion.

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David.

LION: Testicles.

GROUP: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth. As David came forth, he slipped on camel shit. Shit flew at random. Random ducked, and the shit hit the King in the face.

KING: SHIT!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and groaned.

DAVID: Where's the princess?

GROUP: Asked David.

KING: Fuck the princess!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death, for the King's word was law.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tune: March of the Toy Soldiers

Do your balls hang low, do they wobble to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a Continental soldier
Do your balls hang low.

In days of old when knights were bold
They shit in their britches
They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons of bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women were mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular
They bound them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold
They wore all leather britches
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons of bitches.

DUCHESS

Oh' the duchess, she was dressing, A dressing for the ball
When out the window she did spy him, Pissing on the wall

CHORUS: With his lily-white kidney wiper
 And balls the size of these
 And half a yard of foreskin
 Hanging down below his knees
 Hanging down (hanging down)
 Hanging down (hanging down)
 With a half a yard of foreskin
 Hanging down below his knees

So she sent to him a letter, And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you, Than by my husband any day

Well, he got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester, and his prick began to bleed

So he mounted on his charger, And through the streets did ride
With his balls slung over his shoulder, And his cock lashed to his side

Oh, he rode into the courtyard, He strode into the hall
 "My God" cried the butler, "He's come to fuck us all"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen, He fucked the maid in the hall
 But when he fucked the butler, 'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Then he mounted on his charger, And rode into the street
 With little drops of semen, Pitter-patter at his feet

Well he finally met his maker, He's buried in St Paul's
 It took a separate casket, just to haul away his balls

Oh, some say he's gone to Heaven, some say he's gone to Hell
 They say he fucks the devil, And I know he fucks him well •

EARLY ABORT

Tune: MacNamara's Band

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
 Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
 I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
 I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
 Oh, my name's Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major _____, and I lead old liberty
 And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
 But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
 Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
 But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
 The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout
 And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check-out"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
 Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing
 With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanna go too
 But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do.

Oh, I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
 But when it comes to fighting MiGs, those bastards just don't rate
 I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
 But when it comes to fighting MiGs I'll tell you what I'll do.

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
 And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
 We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
 Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

CONTINUED

Oh, we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north
And we make our bloody landfall at the First of bloody forth.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit maker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the USA
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the '86
To hell with all the Generals staff, we won't get in that fix.

EAT BITE

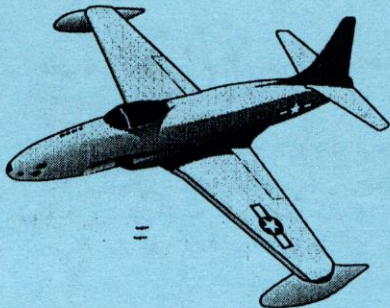
Refrain: (after each verse)

Eat bite fuck suck gobble nibble chew,
Nipple bosom hair pie finger fuck screw
Moose piss cat pud orangutan tit,
Sheep pussy camel fart pig lion shit
A-a-a-a-h FUCK, A-a-a-a-h FUCK,
Aaaah FUCK

I went into a party and what did they do
They took off their socks and they took off their shoes
They took off their shirts and they took off their pants
I had a hunch they weren't gonna' dance

Everybody, everybody's ass was bare
No broads left, just the queer over there
The whole damn thing didn't faze me a bit
Just jumped on the pile and grabbed some tit

My baby's not a sports fan
But she plays with balls whenever she can
Because her favorite sport you see
Is playing tonsil.....hockey



ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
 A-rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum
 An engineer told me before he died,
 And I don't think that bastard lied.
 A-rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum
 Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum

(sing the following with the "rum-tittys" just like the first verse)

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,...He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
 That she could not be satisfied...

So he built a bloody great wheel,...So he built a bloody great wheel,
 With two brass balls and a prick of steel...

The two brass balls were filled with cream,...
 The two brass balls were filled with cream,
 And the whole damn thing was driven by steam...

He laid his wife upon the bed,...He laid his wife upon the bed,
 And tied her feet behind her head...

He put the machine in the position of fuck,...
 He put the machine in the position of fuck,
 And wished his wife the best of luck...

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,...
 Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
 IN and OUT went the prick of steel...

Up and up went the level of steam,...Up and up went the level of steam,
 Down and down went the level of cream...

Until at last his wife she cried,...Until at last his wife she cried,
 "Enough, enough", I'm satisfied...

Now we come to the tragic bit,...Now we come to the tragic bit,
 There was no way of stopping it!...

It split his wife from ass to tit,...It split his wife from ass to tit,
 The whole damn place was covered with shit...

Now we come to the part that's grim,...Now we come to the part that's grim,
 It jumped off her and jumped on him!...

Nine months later a child was born...Nine months later a child was born,
 With two brass balls and a big steel horn!...

"The guy who wins is the guy who makes the fewer gross mistakes"

FIREBALL ON THE HILLSIDE

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dying
For duty and honor never end

There's an upended glass on the table
Down in front a lone empty chair
Yesterday we were with him, and today, God be with him
Whenever he is in your care

They were four when they took off this morning
Their duty was there in the sky
Only three ships came back, Blue Four ain't returning
To Blue Four hold your glasses high

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dying
For duty and honor never end

FLAG

The flag flies high on the masthead,
We fight for the glory of the Reich, SIEG HEIL!
No longer will we tremble
At England's military might

CHORUS:

So give me your hand, fraulein,
Your lily-white hand, Fraulein,
For tonight we fly against England
England, England's island shores
Island shores, island shores, SIEG HEIL!

And if I die in battle,
And sink to the bottom of the sea, SPLISH SPLASH!
Remember, my darling,
My blood was spilt for thee

FLICKERING MATCH

By the light - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
Of a flickering match - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
I saw her snatch - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
In the watermelon patch, Oh, Yeah?
By the light - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
Of a flickering match - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
I saw her cream, I saw her scream,
"you're a burning my snatch" - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh
"with your God damn match" - ch...ch chhhh, ch...ch chhhh

FOX ONE IN THE FACE

Fox 1 in the face, you never saw it
 Fox 1 in the face, you really bought it
 At the merge today, we blew your shit away

Then we came back 'round, you had no S.A.
 GCI was down, we came back to play
 Limas and gunshots, we finished off the rest

Vampire Bats at night, our hair's on fire
 Vampire Bats at night, heroes for hire
 But when the sun goes down, we'll all be downtown
 Drinking with your wives and girlfriends, while you mend your little egos

Next time that we meet, there'll be no question
 Who you'll have to beat, in any action
 No one fucks or fights like Vampire Bats at night!

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
 Her master he was kind to her, her mistress was the same,
 Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
 And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
 And uniforms of blue
 He'll fly a fighter
 Like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
 She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead,
 And she like a shy girl, thinking it no harm
 Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm,

Now in the morning before the break of day
 A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say,
 "Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done,
 For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
 If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
 And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air".

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
 Never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
 The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
 Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Singing "G" suits and parachutes
 And uniforms of blue
 She'll never fly a fighter
 Like her daddy used to do.

GANG BANG

A: Knock, Knock

Q: Who's there?

A: Anita!

Q: Anita who?

A: I need a Gang-Bang, I always will,

Because a Gang-Bang gives me such a thrill!

When I was younger, and in my prime

I used to Gang-Bang all the time.

But now I'm older and turning gray,

I only Gang-Bang once a day!

Gladiator. Glad he ate her before the...

Eisenhower. I's an hour late for the ...

Wanda. I want to...

Ben Hur. Ben' her over for a.....

Wendy. When de moon come up, I like to...

Eilene. I lean her over for a.....

Emerson. Emer some nice tits, bitch! How'd you like to.....

Rhoda. I rode a hundred miles to the...

Eula. You love to...

Sam and Janet. Sam enchanted evening, I'd like to.....

Dave. Dave's not here man! He's at the...

Issac Tenor. I sent 10 or 12 girls out to the car for a.....

Gorilla. Girl of my dreams, I need a.....

Sheila. She loves a.....

Sarah. So are ya going to the...

Karen. I need a fuck, I need a suck, and I ain't Karen who...

Wilma. My zipper's stuck, will ma tongue do...

Banana. Banana na na, nana na.....

Orange. Orange you glad I didn't say banana.....

Tarzan. "Stars and Stripes Forever" END

HAIL BRITANNIA

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam

Three Chinese crackers up her asshole

BAM...BAM...BAM

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam

Two Chinese crackers up her asshole

BAM...BAM

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam

One Chinese cracker up her asshole

BAM

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam

No Chinese crackers up her asshole

"People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf."

--George Orwell--

HAIRS ON HER DIKI-DI-DO

The mayor of Bridgewater had a lovely young daughter
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.
If she was my daughter I'd have it cut shorter
'Cause the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

CHORUS:

To her knees, to her knees,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

She stood on a mountain and pissed like a fountain
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.
One black one, one white one, and one with a little shit on
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

There's a red one, there's a cherry one, there's one with a dingleberry on
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.
I've been there, I've seen it, I've been in between it
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it felt like a bit of velvet
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.
I've tangled, I've dangled, I've fucking near got strangled
'Cause the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

It'd take a Brontosaurus to lick her clitoris
'Cause the hairs on her diki-di-doo hung down to her knees.

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings,
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shooting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark nor even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.



HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 Until he fucked a girl from our town--
 Fucked a girl from our town--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
 He laid her in a feather bed,
 He laid her in a feather bed,
 And then he twisted out her maidenhead!
 Twisted out her maidenhead--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 And then he shoved it in clear up to there
 Shoved it in clear up to there--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 And then he missed her cunt and split the
 stump --
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 And then he fucked her with his magic
 wand,
 Fucked her with his magic wand--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,
 He laid her on the dewey grass,
 He laid her on the dewey grass,
 And then he shoved the old boy up her
 ass,
 Shoved the old boy up her ass
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

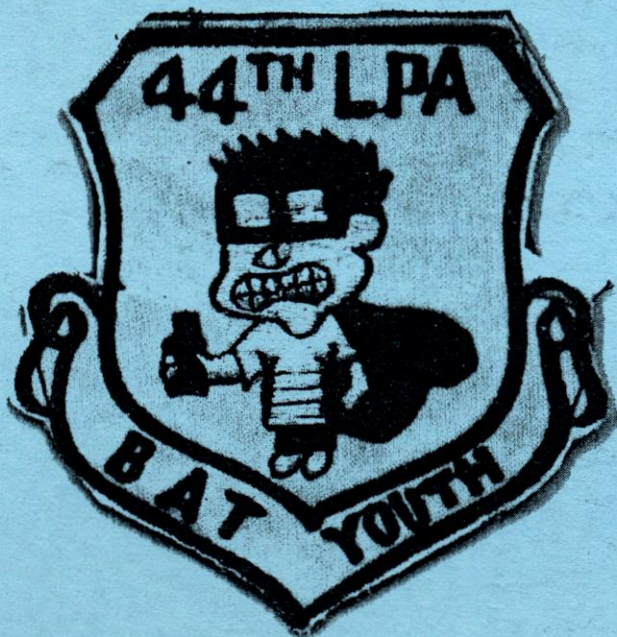
He took her to the countryside,
 He took her to the countryside,
 He took her to the countryside,
 And then he fucked the girl until she died,
 Fucked the girl until she died,
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He took her to the Burial Ground,
 He took her to the Burial Ground,
 He took her to the Burial Ground,
 And then he thought he'd have another
 round,
 Thought he'd have another round,
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.



HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing statues in the dark
If Sherman's horse can stand it
Why can't you?
You're the guy that did the pushin'
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town.
I'm the guy that did the pushin'
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your goddamn town.



I DON'T WANNA JOIN THE AF

Oh, I don't want to join the Air Force; I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high class lady.
I don't want a bullet up me arse 'ole
I don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry, England
And fornicate me fucking life away (Cor Blimey)

I don't want to join the Navy, I don't want to sail the seas
I'd rather fly a jet, and fuck a tall brunette
and drink me a glass of fine Scotch whiskey.
I don't want a seaman in my quarters
I don't want me cock to rot away
I'd rather live in England, in merry, merry, England
And fornicate me fucking life away (Cor Blimey)

I don't want to join the Air Force, I don't want to fly up high
I'd rather have a round in a pub that's on the ground
drinking Guinness stout from a half yard tankard
I don't want flack up me tail pipe
I don't want me rudder shot away
I'd rather live in England, in merry, merry, England
And fornicate me fucking life away (Cor Blimey)

Monday, I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday, I touched her on the knee
On Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress
On Thursday, I just masturbated
Friday, I put me hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (tweak, tweak)
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now she wants it seven days a week (Cor Blimey)

I don't want to be a pilot, I don't want to go to war
I'd rather sit around Picadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high class lady
I don't want a bullet in me nugget
I don't want me pecker blown away
I rather live in England, in merry, merry, England
And fornicate me fucking life away!

I don't want to go to Saudi, I don't want to fly from Al's Garage
I'd rather cop a feel down at the Wagon Wheel
Getting really loaded on a cold draft beer
I don't mind fighting for my country
I don't even mind a little flack
But when I drive my Eagle, to shoot down fucking ragheads
I better have a beer when I get back (Budweiser)

Monday we're drinking at King George's
Tuesday we're drinking at the pub
On Wednesday, if we feel, we're at the Wagon Wheel,
On Thursday, we get drunk at home,
Friday's we're drinking at the O'Club
Saturdays martinis at the pool,
And on Sunday we will render, with tequila and a blender,
Margaritas that will kill a fucking mule! (Joe Cuervo)

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

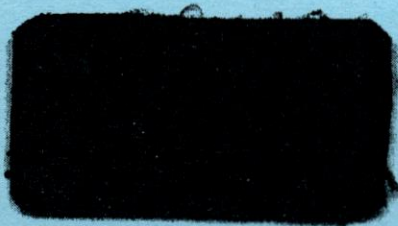
i fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
 i knew right away she was dead,
 The skin was all gone from her tummy
 The hair was all gone from her head.
 And as i lay down there beside her
 I knew right away i had sinned (i had sinned)
 So i put my lips to her sweet pussy
 And sucked out the wad i shot in
 Sucked out, sucked out, i sucked out the wad i shot in, shot in
 Sucked out, sucked out, i sucked out the wad i shot in.

Her eyes they were crawling with maggots
 Her lips were all eaten away (all away)
 Her skin was all swollen and festered
 But i fucked her again anyway
 Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my dead whore to me, to me.
 Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my dead whore to me.

My one skin lies over my two skin,
 My two skin lies over my three,
 My three skin lies over my foreskin
 So peel back my foreskin for me.
 Peel back, peel back, oh, peel back my foreskin for me, for me
 Peel back, peel back, oh, peel back my foreskin for me.

I french kissed her tight swollen asshole,
 And as i slipped my tongue inside,
 I started to feel so euphoric,
 'Til i got a mouthful of brown tide.
 Brown tide, brown tide, 'til i got a mouthful of brown tide, brown tide
 Brown tide, brown tide, 'til i got a mouthful of brown tide.

I had a great buildup of smegma,
 That i couldn't wipe off on the bed,
 So i rammed my cock up her left nostril,
 And spurted all over her head (who said head?)
 Orgasm, orgasm, i spurted all over her head, her head
 Orgasm, orgasm, i spurted all over her head.



I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly.
I love the hole, that she pisses through (that she pisses through)

I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,
and the hair around her asshole.
I eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp
with a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly.
I love the hole, that she pisses through (that she pisses through)

I love her matted black hair and her dirty underwear
and the smell of her vagina.

I'd eat her cunt; gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp,
if she asked me to (if she asked me to)

I'M AN ASSHOLE

I'm an asshole
I'm an asshole
I'm an asshole, yes I am
But I'd rather be an asshole
Than fly the _____



IRISH TUNE

Tune: Some Irish tune

On Monday night when I came home, as drunk as drunk could be
I spied a horse outside me door where me old horse should be
So I asked me wife "hey wife-you slant eyed bitch, you dirty old whore, whose
horse is that outside me door where me old horse should be?"
She said, "you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool,
And still you can not see
That's a fine young sow that me mother gave to me."
It's been a many o' days I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
but a sow with a saddle like that, I've never seen before

On Tuesday night...
I spied a coat upon the rack where me old coat should be...
whose coat is that upon the rack where me old coat should be?" ...
That's a fine blanket that me mother gave to me." ...
but a blanket with two sleeves like that, I've never seen before

CONTINUED

On Wednesday night ...

I spied a pipe upon the table where me old pipe should be...
whose pipe is that upon the table where me old pipe should be?" ...
That's a fine tin whistle that me mother gave to me." ...
but a whistle filled with tabacchi like that, I've never seen before

On Thursday night...

I spied two boots beside me bed where me old boots should be...
whose boots are those beside the bed where me old boots should be?"..
Those are two geranium pots me mother gave to me." ...
but a geranium pots with laces like that, I've never seen before

On Friday night...

I spied a head upon me bed where me own head should be...
whose head is that upon the bed where me old head should be?" ...
That's a lovely baby that me mother gave to me." ...
but a baby with a beard like that I've never seen before

On Saturday night...

I spied a willy between her dilly, where me old willy should be...
whose willy is that between your dilly, where me old willy should be?"..
That's a lovely hammer that me mother gave to me." ...
but a hammer with a head like that, I've never seen before...

On Sunday night...

I spied a man outside me door a little after three...
whose was the man outside me door a little after three?" ...
That was a Fucking Cock you saw that me mother sent to me." ...
but a Fucking Cock up after three I've never seen before

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

Refrain: (leader)
(everyone)

Is everybody happy?
You bet your ass we are
duh,da,da,duh...duh....duh
duh,da,da,duh...duh....duh

Monday was a wankin' day
Tuesday was a hurling day
Wednesday was a dancing day
Thursday was a practice day
Friday was a fucking day
Saturday was a rugby day
Sunday was a church day



I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore
house
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill
repute.

Now you may think this strange, my
avocation
But carnal copulation's here to stay,
I don't want no fame or riches
Just want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whore house.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sheik
One Abdul Abbulbal Amir

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
'Twas to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starter's gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope against the long greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled "Queen!"
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast were they stuck it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool had left half of his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-oh-five
 Flying thru the flak, never looking back
 Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called away
 Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
 Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day.

CBUS, Mark 82s, 750s too,
 Daddy Vulcan strikes again
 Our Christmas gift to you.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
 Let's all go join the fun
 The bridges, dams and power plants
 The schools, the kids and even ants
 Will know the awesome sound of bombs hitting the ground
 They'll shiver, they'll quiver, gee war is fun

KOTEX SONG

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
 When the end of the month rolls around
 You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants
 When the end of the month rolls around

CHORUS: For it's hi, hi, hee at the Kotex factory
 Shout out your sizes loud and strong
 (Super, Junior, Band-aid),
 For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow
 When the end of the month rolls around

You know she'll be horny when she's on the cotton pony,
 When the end of the month rolls along
 You can feel from her lovin' that she's leakin' hemoglobin'
 When the end of the month rolls along

If she's looking like the Joker, then you'd better not poke her
 When the end of the month rolls along
 If she's acting pretty sad, then you know she's on the pad
 When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the string, that there's something up her thing
 When the end of the month roll along
 Your can tell by the bed, that her little pussy bled
 When the end of the month rolls along

CONTINUED

You can tell from the sight, that the taste will have a bite
When the end of the month roll along
You can tell by the feel that she's starting to congeal
When the end of the month rolls along

How she turns, how she squirms, like she's got a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls along
You can tell by the stain, that you hit a major vein
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the stench, she's got something in her trench
When the end of the month rolls along
If the smell is really heinous, you may have to use her anus
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the stress, that she's having PMS
When the end of the month rolls along
You can tell that she's sick by the color of your dick
When the end of the month rolls along

If she has a yeast infection, you had better clean your erection
When the end of the month rolls along
She will bleed on your rug, if you pull out your big plug
When the end of the month rolls along

LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go, mostly COME....
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and fuck all the others,
And let her sleep under the bar.



LAST NIGHT

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate
It felt so good--I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat
It felt so nice--I did it twice

CONTINUED

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand, I use my hand
You should catch me on the long strokes
It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand
But for all around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

CHORUS: Parties make the world go 'round
World go 'round, world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
Let's have a party!

Yea - Shit Hot!

We're going to tear down the bar in the Officer's club
But we're going to build us a new bar

Boo
Yea

Our bar's only going to be one foot wide
But it's going to be a mile long

Boo
Yea

There will be no bartenders at our bar
Only barmaids

Boo
Yea

Our barmaids will wear long dresses
Made out of cellophane

Boo
Yea

Our barmaids will wear steel chastity belts
But every fighter pilot will have a key

Boo
Yea

Now, you can't take our bar maids home
They take you to their home

Boo
Yea

You can't sleep with our barmaids
They don't let you sleep

Boo
Yea

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass
Whiskey's free

Boo
Yea

Only one drink to a customer
Served in buckets

Boo
Yea

We're gonna throw all the beer in the pool
And then go swimming

Boo
Yea

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor
And no dancing on the loving floor

Boo
Yea

"Diplomats are just as essential in starting a war as soldiers are in finishing it."
-Will Rogers-

LITTLE GREY RAT

Oh the pale moon shone on the barroom floor
 The bar was closed for the night
 Then out of his hole came the little gray rat
 And he sat in the pale moonlight
 He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
 And back on his haunches he sat
 And all night long you can hear him ROAR
 Bring on the Goddamn cat.

LUPE

Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow
 Where whore mongers flourish and cock suckers grow
 Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore
 She's my hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore

She got her first piece at the young age of eight
 While swinging one day on the old garden gate
 The cross bar went out and the upright went in
 Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin

She'll fuck you she'll suck you she'll gnaw on your nuts
 She'll wrap her legs around you and squeeze out your guts
 She'll fuck you and suck you till you think you'll die
 Oh I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie

Oh Lupe dear Lupe lies dead in her tomb
 The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb
 But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more
 She's my hot fucking cock sucking Mexican whore

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats.
 She can do tricks that would give a man the shits.
 She can spit green peas from her fundamental orifice,
 Do a double back flip and catch them on her tits

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch, twice as big as me.
 With hair around her asshole like branches on a tree.
 She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly an Eagle, drive a truck.
 Many Anne Burns is the girl for me.



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.
Mary had a little lamb; it's fleece was white as snow.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day.
It followed her to school one day
AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT.

MARY JO KAPECKNE

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe, Mary Jo Kapeckne
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding from your pussy
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle
So please make one now and shove it up your ass.

MUSIC MAN

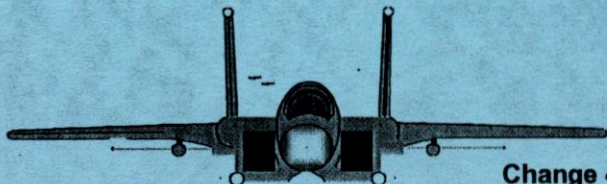
CHORUS: I am the music man
I come from down your way
And I can play

(Everybody) What can you play.

I can play the O'club shithouse door...
Oh, Bang a bang a bang a bang, Bang a bang a bang a bang, Bang a bang a
bang a bang, Bang a bang a bang a HEY!

I can play the

Diaper driver...	Fuckin' a I'm blacked out,
Mud Hen WSO...	Fuckin' a I've lost sight,
Tanker driver...	Fuckin' a my pussy hurts,
AWACS controller..	Fuckin' a I'm midnight,
Tomgrape Driver...	Fuckin' a my wings broke,
F-15 driver...	Fuckin' a I'm kickin' ass,
Michael Jackson...	Fuckin' a my hair's on fire,



MY GIRL

The nipples on her tits are as big as plums
 The wiggle when she walks would make a dead man cum,
 She's a mean mother-fucker; she's a great cocksucker
 She's my girl - she fucks

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in a bathtub
 My mother makes two kinds of gin
 My sister makes love for a living
 My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in,
 My God how the money rolls in; rolls in,
 Rolls in, rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
 He saves little girls from sin
 He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
 My God how the money rolls in

My Uncle paints real Frenchy postcards,
 My Auntie, she poses for him
 Her costumes cost nary a penny
 My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
 I tried making all kinds of gin
 I tried making love for a living
 My God the condition I'm in

My Auntie manufactures French ticklers
 My cousin pricks holes with a pin
 My Uncle performs the abortions
 My God how the money rolls in

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Oh, to be a fireman
 To ride on a fire engine red,
 To say to a team of white horses
 "Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

(Sung)

My father was a fireman...he puts out fires
 My brother was a fireman...he puts out fires
 My sister Sal was a fireman's gal...she puts out too

(Alternate Verses)

My father was a bus driver...he goes down town (She goes down, too)
 My father was a sword swallower...he swallows swords (She swallows, too)
 My father was a glass blower...he blows glass (She blows dick)
 My father was a brick layer...he lays bricks (She gets laid)
 My father was a salesman...he comes and goes (She comes)
 My father was a congressman...he spreads lies (She spreads her legs)
 My father was a taxidermist...he fucks with dead things (She fucks)
 My father was a hockey star...he scores goals (She scores, too)
 My father was an anesthesiologist...he passe gas (She passes out)
 My father was an A-10 Driver...he flies hogs (She a pig)

NAPALM

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea
 I was out on a recce to see what I could see
 When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in his hand
 It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was sad, oh, it was sad
 It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
 There were husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost their lives
 It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
 I was out on a recce to see what I could see
 When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,
 It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was sad, oh, it was sad,
 It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
 All the people ran like hell, when those rockets hit the bell,
 It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thai Nuygen when I knew I was through
 The 37s and 57s had shot my turbine through
 It was sad when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained my milk,
 It was sad when that pilot went down,

It was sad, oh, it was sad,
 It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
 There were husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost their lives
 It was sad when that pilot went down.

"War is an ugly thing but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feelings which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."
 - John Stuart Mill

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to maim,
Because all the kills count the same
Napalm sticks to kids

Flying low across the trees
Pilots doing what they please
Dropping frags on refugees
Napalm sticks to kids

Gooks in the open making hay
But I can hear the gunships say
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today!"
Napalm sticks to kids

See those farmers over there
Watch me get them with a pair
Blood and guts just everywhere
Napalm sticks to kids

I've only seen it happentwice
Both times it was mighty nice
Shooting peasants planting rice
Napalm sticks to kids

A squad of Cong lying in the grass
But all the fightings long since past
Crispy critters in a mass
Napalm sticks to kids

Napalm, son, is lots of fun
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun
It gets gooks when on the run
Napalm sticks to kids

Drop some napalm on a farm
It won't do them any harm
Just burn off their legs and arms
Napalm sticks to kids

CIA with guns for hire
Montagnards around a fire
Napalm makes the fire go higher
Napalm sticks to kids

I've been told its not so neat
To watch gooks burning in the street
But burning flesh smells so sweet
Napalm sticks to kids

Baby sucking on mama's tit
Wounded gooks down in a pit
DOW Chemical don't give a shit!
Napalm sticks to kids

Bombardiers don't care a bit
Just as long as the pieces fit
When you stuff the bodies in a pit
Napalm sticks to kids

Eighteen kids in a free-fire zone
Books under arms and going home
Last in line goes home alone
Napalm sticks to kids

Chuck in a sampan sitting in the stern
They don't think their boats will burn
Those goddamn gooks will never learn
Napalm sticks to kids

Cobras flying in the sun
Killing gooks is lots of fun
If she's pregnant, it's two for one
Napalm sticks to kids

Shoot civilians where they sit
Take some pictures as you split
All your life you'll remember it
Napalm sticks to kids

NVA are all hard core
Fieschettes never are a bore
Throw Psy Ops out the door!
Napalm sticks to kids

Gather kids as you fly over town
By throwing candy on the ground
Then grease 'em as they gather round
Napalm sticks to kids

A fighter pilot is noted for intelligence, independence, integrity, courage, and patriotism. "Fighter Pilot" is a state of mind, not a job title. Therefore, not all people who fly fighters are fighter pilots, nor do all fighter pilots fly fighters. Some of them drive trucks.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in Hell,
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
 Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

CHORUS: Singin' glorious, victorious
 one keg of beer for the four of us
 Singin' glory be to God
 that there are no more of us
 'cause one of us could drink it all alone
 Damn near. Pass the beer
 to the rear of the squadron!

There are no fighter pilots in the States;
 There off on foreign shores, makin' mothers out of whores

There are no fighter pilots up in wing;
 The place is full of brass, everybody kissing ass

There are no bomber pilots in the fray;
 They're all at USOs, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes

The bomber pilot's life is but a farce;
 With the auto pilot on, reading Playboy on the john

The bomber pilot never takes a dare;
 His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged

You can tell a navigator by his ass;
 Oh it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride

Oh an airline pilot's life is mighty fine;
 Flying friendly skies, putting hands on friendly thighs

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice;
 If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice
 It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population

There are no fighter pilots in the Army
 Oh there all a bunch of queers, sanitation engineers

There are no fighter pilots in the Navy
 Oh, there all on ships and boats, makin' love to sheep and goats

There are no fighter pilots in the Coast Guard
 Oh there all a bunch of fags, smoking marijuana bags

When a bomber pilot walks into our club
 He won't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell

NUMBA ONE CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Sam-lars singing Ho, Ho, Ho
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geckos crawling across the cold bare floor,
Fried lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Locks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way.
VC's roasting in a napalm fire.
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Lock screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chapple joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight.....

OH, LTTLE TOWN OF KIM JONG IL

Oh, little town of Kim Chong Il .
How safe you feel tonight
Beneath your rings of SA-2s
You think our boys won't fight

But through the dark clouds raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
No need to fear the end is near
So, FUCK OFF! Kim Chong Il

"With us, no pilot goes up on a pedestal just because he shoots down a bunch of Japs. We aren't supermen. We're a team. When one of us hits the jackpot, it is partly luck in being in the right spot at the right time, but mainly the work your wingmen and the other boys do in protecting your tail."

Westly Westbrook, 1944

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
 One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
 One hundred missions we have flown,
 One hundred bridges we have blown,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
 From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
 From one to one hundred we did count,
 But now one half or more don't count,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
 They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
 They said they'd give us combat pay,
 And then, the bastards took it away,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
 We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
 We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
 Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
 The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
 The Weasels fly around alone,
 With half a flight they head for home,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
 The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
 The force rolls in amidst the flak,
 One half or more won't make it back,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
 Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
 Not many will return alive,
 Who flew the bloody 105,
 But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

"A man's flying ability may be perfect. He may be able to control the machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but if he gets into a fight and risks his life many times to get into the right position for a good shot and then upon arriving there, cannot hit his mark, he is useless!"

Billy Bishop

ON TOP OF THE POPUP

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman
In a big ball of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust"
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking,
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

OUR BABY

Last night our baby died,
She died of suicide
I think she died to spite us
Of spinal meningitis
She wasn't a good baby, anyway,
So we ate her -- Yum, Yum.

OUR LEADERS

Tune: Manana

At Phillip's range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat
We got colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
Or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

CHORUS:

Our Leaders, Our Leaders
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

CONTINUED

Today we had a hot one
 And, the jocks were scared as Hell
 They ran to meet us with a beer
 And tell us we were swell
 But Recce took the B. D. A.
 And said we missed a hair.
 Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
 From the wheels at Second Air.

They send us out in bunches
 To bomb a bridge and die
 These tactics are for bombers
 That our leaders used to fly.
 The bastards don't trust our Colonel up in Wing,
 And so I guess,
 We have to leave the thinking to
 The Wheels in J.C.S.

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down
 Mother's willing to pay
 Father's drunk, and in the jail
 Sister's in a motherly way
 Brother dear is mighty queer
 Times are fucking hard
 So please don't burn the shithouse down
 Or we 'll all have to shit in the yard.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site
 The missile chased the Weasel.
 The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
 To roll in to displease 'em
 One more pass with HEI.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
 Did more than just tease 'em.
 The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
 We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
 They show their ass, we shoot it off.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

POUNDERS SONG

Walked into finance, wanna get paid
Gotta come back another day.
Paragraph "D" has to be signed
That's extension 4519

But don't get us wrong, they're not all bad
By the government system, you're bound to be had
Fill out the papers two or three times
The energy we waste is a goddamn crime!

CHORUS:

That's the way when you're on the ground
You work half a day, then you fuck around.
Those damn shoe clerks, take a look around
That's the way that the ground pounds

Walked into CBPO the other day
Fucked up my orders, it's the standard way
They just won't listen to what I say
The Sergeant was on the rag that day

Pilots, please help, we need your aid
We know you work harder than you're paid
But some of these clerks haven't a clue
And we talk until our balls turn blue

PURPLE TWILIGHT

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With smoke trails following after
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses ready
Don't let a tear fill your eye
Here's to the dead already
And HURRAH for the next man to die.

For we are the boys that they send out to fly
Bosom buddies while boozing are we
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing are we.

The boys up at seventh they scream and they shout
They shout about things they know fuck all about
But we are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing are we
But we are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing are we

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RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the pay that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
And today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the MiGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last AAR for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead

So come and sit by my side at the briefings
We will sit there and tickle the beads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!



S&M MAN

Who can take a baby (repeat)
Beat it till its dead (repeat)
Roll it on its back and fuck the soft spot in its head

CHORUS: The S&M man, the S&M man,
 The S&M man, cause he mixes it with love
 And makes the hurt feel good, the hurt feel good

Who can take two ice picks
Stick 'em in her ears
Ride her like a Harley while he fucks her in the rear

Who can take a pregnant lady
Throw her on the bed
Fuck her in the pussy while the fetus gives him head

Who can take a bicycle
Rip off the seat
Put his sister on it push her down a bumpy street

Who can take an AIDS victim
Tie him to a bus
Drag him through the streets until his sores are oozing pus

Who can take his girlfriend
Rip the bitch in two
Fuck the bottom half and give the other piece to you

CONTINUED

Who can take a cheese grater
Strap it to his arm
Ram it up her cunt and make vagina parmesan

Who can take a bar stool
Turn it upside down
Sit her family on it just to spin it round and round

Who can take a chainsaw
Fill it up with gas
Fuck her from the front while he shoves it up her ass

Who can take a jumper cable
Clamp it on her tits
Start up the car and electrify the bitch

Who can take an AMRAAM
Run a selective BIT
Shove it up her cunt and watch the radome shake her tits

Who can take a schnauzer
Lyn' in the grass
Sneak up behind it, fuck it in its SHAVED DOG'S ASS

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers, broke six windows
The cheeks of her ass went:
BAMI BAMI BAMI

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
but it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot him dead with a piece of fucking lead,
Now that silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing from a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all

CONTINUED

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come,
 He can shove it up his bum, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew,
 They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
 He can shove it up his ass, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
 Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
 Oh, they say I grease the rope with a piece of fucking soap
 What a silly fucking joke, so fuck 'em all

"WITH REVERENCE!"

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
 I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
 I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
 That I shouted right out loud, "Fuck 'em all."



SCOTTISH WEDDING

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

CHORUS: Balls to your partner
 Your ass against the wall
 If you've never been laid on Saturday night
 You've never been laid at all

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh, the parson's wife was there, Seated down in front
A wreath of roses 'round her neck, A carrot up her cunt

Oh, the village parson he was there, And very surprised to see
Four and twenty maiden heads, Hanging from a tree

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, She had them all in fits
Diving off the mantelpiece, And landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, They were fucking in the ricks
You could not here the music, For the sloshing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, They were fucking in the oats
They were fucking little sheep, And some were fucking goats

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there, His hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen, And showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, Fucking on the stairs
You could not see the carpet, For the cum and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, Making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head, And whistling through his tool

Oh, the village butcher he was there, Cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around, He circumcised a man

Oh, the mother superior she was there, A lying on the floor
And every time she spread her legs, The suction closed the door

Oh, the village cripple he was there, Not doing very much
He lined up all the little girls, And fucked them with his crutch

And when the ball was over, And all the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, But the fucking was the best

I had long been of the belief that aggressiveness was fundamental to success in air-to-air combat, and if you ever caught a fighter pilot in a defensive mood you had him licked (STS) before you started shooting
-David McCampbell, WWII

SWING LOW

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
 Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
 I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
 Coming for to carry me home?
 A band of angels coming after me,
 Coming for to carry me home.

1st- Voice and gestures
 2nd- Hum and gestures
 3rd- Gestures

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea
 All the pilots were in bed
 When up stepped Colonel _____
 And this is what he said
 Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all,
 Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots shouted "balls".
 When up stepped a young Lieutenant
 With a voice as harsh as brass
 "YOU CAN TAKE THOSE DAM SABRES JETS
 AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS"

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah,
 Oh Hallelujah,
 Throw a nickel on the grass,
 Save a fighter pilots ass,
 Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
 Throw a nickel on the grass
 And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
 There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me, sir,
 Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MiGs on my ass.

I shoot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
 The airspeed read one-twenty, my God I racked it tight
 The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground,
 There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around,
 racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
 The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split-S'ed on to my bomb run, I got too goddamn low
 I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go,
 I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
 Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

CONTINUED

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skosh ack ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak,
My aircraft went into a spin, it would I no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die.

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E Equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened my ration tin, to see what was in it
The Goddamn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit,
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there.

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot,
They brag about the "Redtails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when they all holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The Colonel he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the F. E. B., Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast,
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last,
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach
That Sabre jet was moving now, falling like a rock,
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F. E. B., and they gave me the works,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafing on the panel, I made my pass too low,
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the works all done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near,
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

TING-A-LING

Beside a Laotian waterfall
One bright and sunny day
By the wreckage of his Thunderchief
A young pursuitor lay.

His parachute hung from a nearby tree,
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
There's poker every night.
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
And chase the pretty Pooying
Oh, death where is thy sting?

Oh, death were is thy sting
Oh, death where is thy sting
The balls of hell may ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me... so:

Ting-a-ling-aling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye.
BULLSHIT

T-I-T-F-U-C-K

Tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K
Squeeze them together and stick it in,
And when you're done, you just wipe off her chin
Oh, tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K

Blow job, blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B
East side, west side, north side, south,
My baby loves it when I come in her mouth
Oh, blow job, blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B

Butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K
Stick it in and move it around,
When you pull it out, you're dick's-all brown
Oh, butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K



CONTINUED

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Nose fuck, nose fuck, N-O-S-E-F-U-C-K
I know that you'll think this is pretty insane
But my baby loves it best when I come in her brain
Nose fuck, nose fuck, N-O-S-E-F-U-C-K

Cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R
Workin' in a morgue gives me quite a lift'
But you haven't lived yet til' you cum in a stiff
Cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R

MAC puke, MAC puke, M-A-C-P-U-K-E
Makin' a living just haulin' the trash
Getting blow jobs from their co-pilot gash
Oh MAC puke, MAC puke, M-A-C-P-U-K-E

SAC puke, SAC puke, S-A-C-P-U-K-E
Flyin' a buff or flying a tank,
Givin' blow jobs is how they get their rank
Oh, SAC puke, SAC puke, S-A-C-P-U-K-E

Jet jock, jet jock, J-E-T-J-O-C-K
Strokin' the burner and yankin' the stick
Getting' complemented on our humongous dick
Oh, jet jock, jet jock, J-E-T-J-O-C-K

TRACKING KILL

Tune: "...Cover of the Rolling Stone"

We are Eagle drivers; we ain't nine to fivers
We're the best that's ever been
We shoot 'em in the face, 'cause it's the very best place
To kill, live, and fight again
Yeah, we shoot 'em in the face 'cause it's a real neat place
And it really gives us a thrill
But the thrill that'll get ya is to get 'em in your pippier
And make a guns tracking kill

CHORUS: Tracking kill, gonna see you in my pippier
 Kill, gonna show the film to my sister
 Kill, gonna make you a great big star
 In the movies of a tracking kill

We wear go fast pants and snappy hard hats
And fly out to shoot down planes
We get our kicks rippin' off their lips
And gunning out the bad guys' brains
Well, the AIM-9L it really is swell
But the thing that'll make your day
When you place you sight 'till it feels just right
and blow a MiG's shit away



We all paid our dues; got a bag of clues
 Our job is really lots of fun
 We never tire of our hair on fire
 Or killing people with the gun
 Yeah, the big Eagle Jet is the best you can get
 The world's greatest fighting machine
 The men who fly her can't get any higher
 Than McDonnell's mighty F-15

VICTOR ALERT

Tune: My Favorite Things

Reading our porno and picking our asses
 Checking our forms out and passing our gasses
 Silver sleek B-61s slung below
 Nuclear war and we're ready to go

CHORUS: Um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah

Scrambled at midnight the engines are turning
 Take off in sheer fright, our stomachs are turning
 Off to the orbit, we've got us a GO
 Arming 'em up and they're all set to blow

Leaving the orbit our pits start to sweat
 We'll asshole those fuckers and that's a sure bet
 Burn all those Russkies and cover 'em with dirt
 That's why we love sitting Victor Alert

A quick combat descent to one hundred feet
 Over the ocean, we've deadlines to meet,
 Crossing the FEBA with eyepatches on
 A flash to the left and another town's gone

Goas and Guidelines and Fishbeds and Floggers
 Ganefs and Gainfuls and BIG GODDAMN BOMBERS
 Flankers and Fulcrums and Quad-Twenty-Threes
 Thinking of them scares the shit out of me

Wing flash at eight so we check and extend
 Flogger at six, now we have to defend
 Break turn, reversal, then go in for guns
 Shoot his ass down, then we're back on our run

Long Tracks are up and looking for trouble
 Sixes are launched now our heartbeats are doubled
 Masking and jinking and throwing out chaff
 Those cockbites all miss and we're back on our path

CONTINUED

RHAW scope is flashing, the Fulcrums are closing
SAMS all around us, the GUNDISH IS HOSING
Flying so fast that our hair is on fire
Killing those Commies is our one desire

Nearing the target, our nerves they are steady
Master Arm's on and we got us a READY
"In Range" light flashes, the job's almost done
Killing some Commies we're having some fun

When the shit fills, up your flight suit,
And you're feeling had,
Just simply remember that big mushroom cloud,
And then you won't feel so bad...

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose
And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese.

0-4

WILD WEST SHOW

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the wild west show!

CHORUS: Oh we're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and kangaroos
No matter what the weather,
As long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show

Tonight for your enjoyment we have the most incredible, fantastic animal acts ever seen
before the eyes of man on the face of this Earth. Tonight we have "Lulu the tattooed lady"

REFRAIN: "Lulu the tattooed lady" - Fantastic; incredible,
no shit - tell us about the mother-fucker.

If you will focus your attention to her ass. On one cheek is tattooed the letter "W", on the
other cheek is tattooed the letter "W". When she spreads her cheeks and does cartwheels it
says "WOW, MOM, WOW"

CHORUS

"Tight skinned owl": He is an owl whose skin is so tight that every time he blinks his eyes,
he masturbates. Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes.

"The amazing le-o-pard": The le-o-pard has one spot for every day of the year. Lift his tail
and show the lady the 24th of November.

"The great al-l-ga-tor": Each year the female al-l-ga-tor swims upstream and lays a million
eggs. The male al-l-ga-tor follows her upstream and eats 999,999 of those eggs. Why does
he eat all those eggs? If he didn't, we would be up to our asses in al-l-ga-tors.

CONTINUED

"The world renowned o-rang-ga-tang": The o-rang-ga-tang has one brass ball and one steel ball. Every time he swings from tree to tree, his balls go "O-rang-ga-tang."

"The famous Ki-ki Bird": The ki ki ki ki bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 24,000' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down a precise 75 degree dive. Down he goes gaining speed - 18,000', 10,000' - his vision begins to blur from the wind blast - 7,000' - faster and faster - 3,000' - 1,500' 500'-He starts his pull out-100', 44'. He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says - "Ki, Ki, Ki, Krist that was close!"

"The mathematical impossibility": The mathematical impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was ate, before she was seven.

"The helpless shoe clerk": The shoe clerk is a very strange human like animal. It's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and it'll come up sucking its own thumb.

"Tulu the tattooed lady's other sister": Tulu the tattooed lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has Merry Christmas tattooed on one thigh and Happy New Year tattooed on the other thigh. She goes around asking "Why don't you come and visit me between the holidays"

"The feared oh-shit bird": The Oh-Shit bird is an unlucky creature indeed. His legs are eight inches long, and his balls hang down 10 inches. As he comes in for a landing you can hear him cry "O-o-h S-h-i-l-l."

"The ancient Fu-gawee Tribe": This African tribe is primarily made up of 3' tall pigmies. The average height of elephant grass is 4'. The tribe can be found in the jungle saying "where the fug-awee, where the fug-awe?"

"The Infamous PFFT Bird": The Pfft bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles (somewhat like an F-18 attempting BFM) until he flies up his own ass and goes PFFT.

"The notorious peanut butter lady": The peanut butter lady is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.

"The perverted convertible": The perverted convertible is a strange car-like creature that seats two in the front seat and sixty-nine in the back seat.

"The dreaded drunken giraffe": The drunken giraffe is a strange long-legged creature who walks into the bar and tells his friends, "fellas, the high balls are on me"

"The devious dentist": The devious dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that you pay for him to put his tool in your mouth.

"The Air Force ladder": The Air Force ladder is a strange and wondrous mechanical contraption that, while you're climbing it, you look up, you see nothing but assholes. However, when you look down, all you can see are smiling faces.

WOODPECKER SONG

Tune: Dixie

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Remove it.

CONTINUED

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So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
Replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,
Revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
In and out, in, and out, in and out,
Reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
Retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell,
Revolt.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT

Would you like to sit on my face
Spread your ass all over the place
Stick your pussy right on my nose
Or would you rather suck my hog?

A hog is an animal with only one eye
He dearly loves to come between your thighs
He ain't too smart, but he ain't no fool
He comes in your mouth because he thinks its cool
If you like we can sing another song
Or would you rather suck my dong?

Or would you rather sit on my face
Spread your cheeks all over the place
Stick your clit up into my nose
Or would you rather suck my hose?

A hose is an animal with one big red eye
It's favorite dessert is a big hairy pie
It looks like candy and it tastes real neat
Or would you rather beat my meat?
Lope my mule?
Stroke my dolphin?
Choke my chicken?

YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're such a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast,
And fish heads and rice for tea.
But so long as they don't catch me.
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi
Better listen to be Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS:

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread upon his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

I always thought to go around in circles, slower and slower, was a ridiculous thing. Soon you'll be seeing goof balls. Its kinda dumb but it happened a lot. It's not the way to fight. The best tactic is to make a pass, then break off and come back. If you don't do this you'll lose people; one can't be greedy.

- Robin Olds, Vietnam, WWII

Charge your glass and take your seat
'Cause this here's the story of

Big Ass Lil and

Yukon Pete.

(Big Ass Tallil and Baghdad Pete)

Now Lil was the village queen,
The fuckin'gest whore you've ever seen.
While some girls fuck with grace and ease,
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze.
And when she fucked she fucked for keeps;
She piled her victims up in heaps

Now there was a story going 'round that town,
That no man could put Lil's ass down.
But way up north where twin rivers (the Tigris and Euphrates) meet,
Lived a one-balled half-breed named Yukon Pete (Baghdad Pete).

Now Pete was a dirty motherless soul,
Who fucked bear, sheep, and woodchuck hole.
(camel, goat, and scorpion hole.)
And when he got one whiff of Lil,
He packed up his rubbers and came down the hill.

He strolled into town on size 15 feet,
Dragging 14.4 feet of that red-hot meat.
Now the stage was set behind the windy mill (PSAB still),
Behind the brick shithouse (brick bunker) high on the hill.
Girls came from miles around to get a ringside seat
Just to see that half-breed sink his meat

Well, they fucked, and they fucked,
And they fucked for hours,
Uprooting trees, shrubs and flowers.
Lil did front flips, back flips, and stunts
Not often known to most common cunts.

But Pete caught on to every trick,
And just kept pumping in more dick.
But Lil gave Pete her whorehouse squeeze,
That dropped that half-breed to his knees.
Pete came back with a Yukon (Baghdad) grunt
That popped out her eyes and split her cunt

And with that Lil cut two farts,
Rolled over and sighed,
"Boys, I've been fucked."
Cut two more and died.

And when asked of his amazing feat,
Pete said, "Boys, I'm going back to the Yukon (the desert)
And beat my meat"

BAT SONG

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth,
Filth of creation,
Gone from worse to masturbating sons of bitches

Known in every whorehouse
Smoke, drink and screw,
We're the boys of the 44th
Who cordially say,

FUCK YOU!





**Fight to fly
Fly to fight
Fight to WIN!!!!**



*"Here I am, at the end of the road and at the top of the heap."
- Pope John XXII*

T.O. 1-BAT-1CL-1



